

# TRUE LOVE MURDERED OR A NEW DIALOGUE

BETWEEN  
A Young GENTLEMAN and a MAID of lower Degree;

*To the Tune of Fortune my Foe.*

**T**Here was a worthy young Squyer,  
Whom a fair Damsel did love,  
Ay and it was so intyre,  
That nothing his Fancy could move,  
She Born of Ordinary Parents.  
This when his friends did know,  
Straight wayes to set them at variance,  
Proving their sad overthrow,

Son said the diligent Mother,  
I pray thee come listen to me,  
For I have considered another,  
More suteable to thy degree,  
That thou mayest rise to preferment,  
She is both vertuous and Fair,  
A Thousand pound to her Portion,  
Therefore thy Folly forbear:

O Mother this love doth inflame me,  
In which my Dear I behold,  
Therefore I pray you do not blame me,  
For true love is better then Gold:  
Might I have wealth out of measure,  
Nothing my Fancy can move,  
For I will never Marry for Treasure,  
Let me have the Creature I love,

I can mantain like a Lady,  
She whom I do much adore,  
Then having got Riches already,  
What need I Covet for more,  
If you give me not on penny,  
I have a hundreth a year.  
And if I Marry with any,  
It shall be with *Nansie* my Dear:

Now Son if your Love be so Rooted,  
That from her ye can not part,  
Then by me it shall not be disputed,  
Then take her with all my heart,  
But she in this was deceitful,  
As by this ditty you will find.  
For never was Person more hateful,  
For Malice remain'd in her mind,

Then straight she repaired to the Creatur  
Vowing to send her away,  
Yet with a smile she did meet her,  
Saying dear daughter this day,  
Let us buy thy atyre,  
And all other things well provide,  
For it is my full desire,  
That thou should be my Sons Bride,

Then was the matter contrived,  
Just as the mother would have,  
Then into a Captain in private,  
She sold her to be a slave;  
She from old *England* did send her,  
Filled with Sorrow and Woe,  
There was no Soul to defend her,  
But was compelled to go,

But when her Invention was over,  
Straight she returns to her Son,  
Freely to him did discover,  
Perfectly what she had done,  
When he heard what she had Acted,  
His Raper he straight did pull forth,  
Crying like creature Distracted,  
Saying ye ruin'd us both.

Then on the point of his Raper:  
He did immediatly fall,  
His Life went out like a Taper,  
This was the Ruine of all:  
His Mother more then usual,  
Was of a courteous mind,  
Money is the root of all evil,  
Causes contention we find,

Then did his Mother outweren,  
Wearie out many a day,  
Whilst her dear Son lay a Sleeping,  
In a low Bed of Clay,  
This was a sorrowful Ditty,  
She whom He did most adore,  
Straight to be sent from the Nation,  
Where he shall never see her more.

F I N I S.